TOMB OF DRACULA

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PLUS: A SURPRISE SHOCK STAR!

THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

LORD OF VAMPIRE

COMICOOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

DESTROY BLADE! KILL THE FOOL NAMED HANNIBAL KING!

THEN WE WILL BATTLE...

...VAMPIRE AGAINST VAMPIRE!

BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT! THE FANATICAL FURY OF DEACON FROST!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**™

MARV WOLFMAN, WRITER / EDITOR . GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER, ARTISTS . JOHN COSTANZA, letterer . MICHELE WOLFMAN, colorist

the final glory of DeaconFrost

"THE CEMETERY GROUNDS STINK LIKE WEEK-OLD **FISH** LEFT OUT IN THE SUN; THE RAIN SEEMS TO HAVE A **WAY** OF BRINGING OUT THE MORE **DELIGHTFUL** ODORS OF A PLACE LIKE THIS.

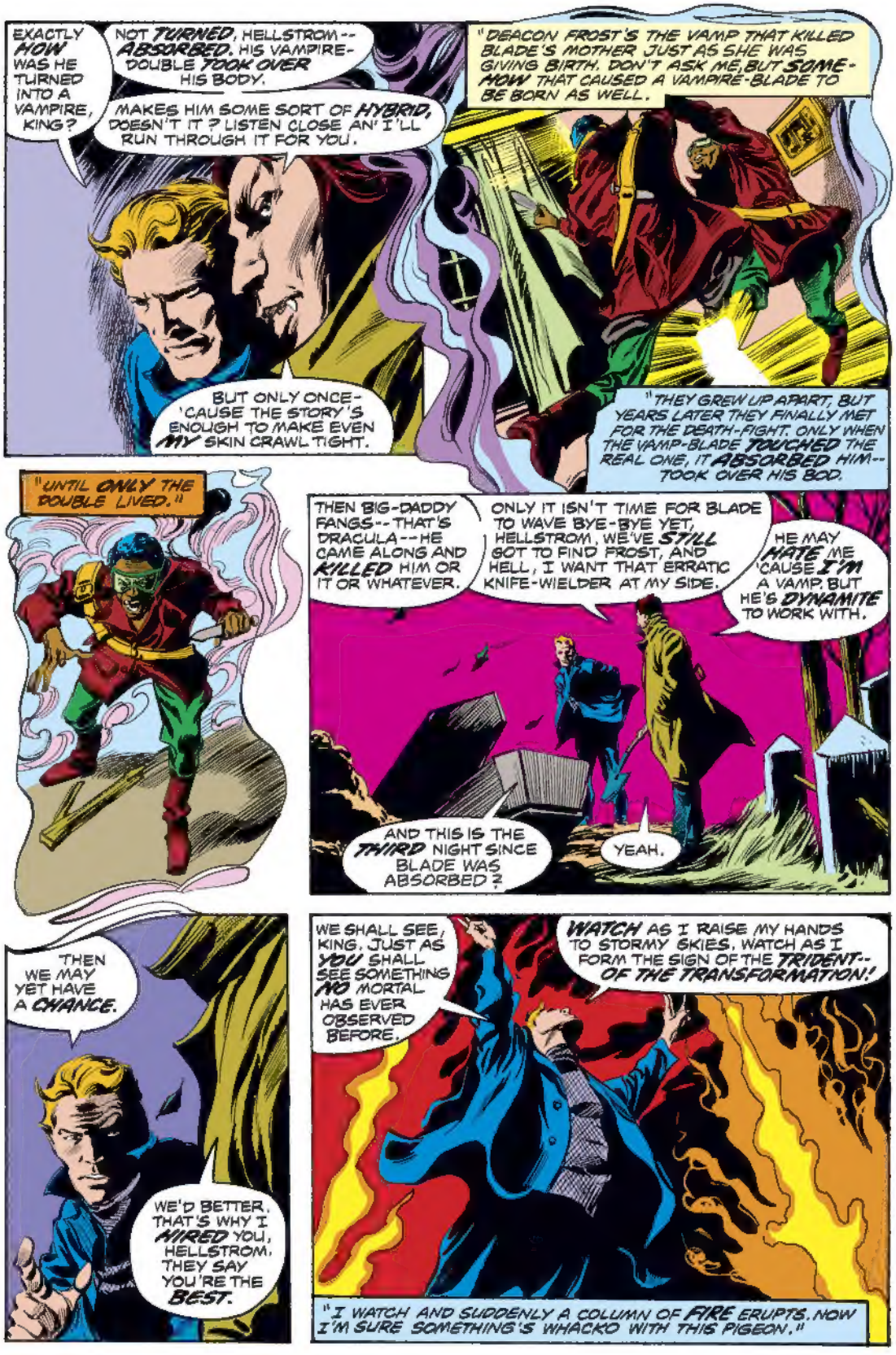
"BUT I GRIN AND BEAR IT AS I LEAD THE WAY TO BLADE'S **GRAVE.** AFTER ALL, THERE, BUT FOR THE GRACE OF DEACON FROST, GO I.

"ME? THE HANDLE'S HANNIBAL KING, PRIVATE EYE. AS FOR DEACON FROST, **HE'S** THE SCUM THAT TURNED ME INTO A SLIGHTLY **UNDEAD SHAMUS.**

"OH, YEAH, THE GUY TAGGIN' 'LONG BEHIND IS DAIMON HELLSTROM, THE FAMOUS **EXORCIST.**

"THINGS ARE **REALLY** GONNA BE JITTERBUGGIN' TONIGHT!"

"I PULL MY COLLAR UP AROUND ME AS WE FINALLY REACH BLADE'S GRAVESITE..."
THIS IS IT, HELLSTROM.
I CAN SENSE A RUSTLING UNDERGROUND, KING.
BETTER BELIEVE IT. BLADE'S JUST ITCHIN' TO SCRATCH TOPSOIL AGAIN.
ONLY HE CAN'T-- NOT UNTIL THE DÖPPLEGANGER WHICH TOOK HIM OVER, IS DE-STROYED.
Y'SEE, THERE ARE TWO BLADES OPERATIN' IN THAT BOD, BUT ONLY ONE'S THE REAL McCOY.
LEAVE THE WORRYING TO ME, KING.
SEPARATING GOOD FROM EVIL IS MY SPECIALITY.
"HE CHUCKLES AS HE SAYS THAT, AND ALL-UVASUDDEN I'M WORRIED. THERE'S SOME-THING MORE TO THIS EXORCIST THAN I BARGAINED FOR."
BUT...
CR
REEEEAK
THERE HE IS, IN ALL HIS GLORY.
MEET BLADE, EX-VAMP-SLAYER SUPREME. NOT A BAD GUY IF YOU'RE NOT ON THE RECEIVING END OF HIS WOODEN KNIVES.

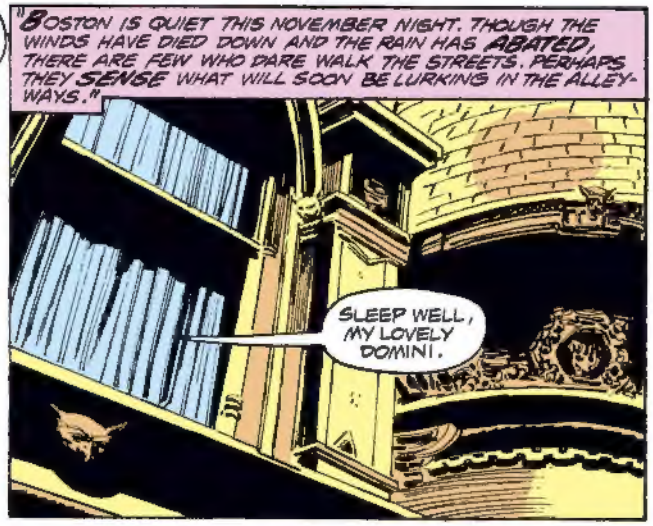

EXACTLY HOW WAS HE TURNED INTO A VAMPIRE, KING?
NOT TURNED, HELLSTROM--ABSORBED. HIS VAMPIRE-DOUBLE TOOK OVER HIS BODY.
MAKES HIM SOME SORT OF HYBRID, DOESN'T IT? LISTEN CLOSE AN' I'LL RUN THROUGH IT FOR YOU.
BUT ONLY ONCE--'CAUSE THE STORY'S ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN MY SKIN CRAWL TIGHT.
"DEACON FROST'S THE VAMP THAT KILLED BLADE'S MOTHER JUST AS SHE WAS GIVING BIRTH. DON'T ASK ME, BUT SOME-HOW THAT CAUSED A VAMPIRE-BLADE TO BE BORN AS WELL.
"THEY GREW UP APART, BUT YEARS LATER THEY FINALLY MET FOR THE DEATH-FIGHT. ONLY WHEN THE VAMP-BLADE TOUCHED THE REAL ONE, IT ABSORBED HIM--TOOK OVER HIS BOD.
"UNTIL ONLY THE DOUBLE LIVED."
THEN BIG-DADDY FANGS--THAT'S DRACULA--HE CAME ALONG AND KILLED HIM OR IT OR WHATEVER.
ONLY IT ISN'T TIME FOR BLADE TO WAVE BYE-BYE YET, HELLSTROM, WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIND FROST, AND HELL, I WANT THAT ERRATIC KNIFE-WIELDER AT MY SIDE.
HE MAY HATE ME 'CAUSE I'M A VAMP, BUT HE'S DYNAMITE TO WORK WITH.
AND THIS IS THE THIRD NIGHT SINCE BLADE WAS ABSORBED?
YEAH.
THEN WE MAY YET HAVE A CHANCE.
WE'D BETTER, THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU, HELLSTROM. THEY SAY YOU'RE THE BEST.
WE SHALL SEE, KING. JUST AS YOU SHALL SEE SOMETHING NO MORTAL HAS EVER OBSERVED BEFORE.
WATCH AS I RAISE MY HANDS TO STORMY SKIES. WATCH AS I FORM THE SIGN OF THE TRIDENT--OF THE TRANSFORMATION!
"I WATCH AND SUDDENLY A COLUMN OF FIRE ERUPTS. NOW I'M SURE SOMETHING'S WHACKO WITH THIS PIGEON."

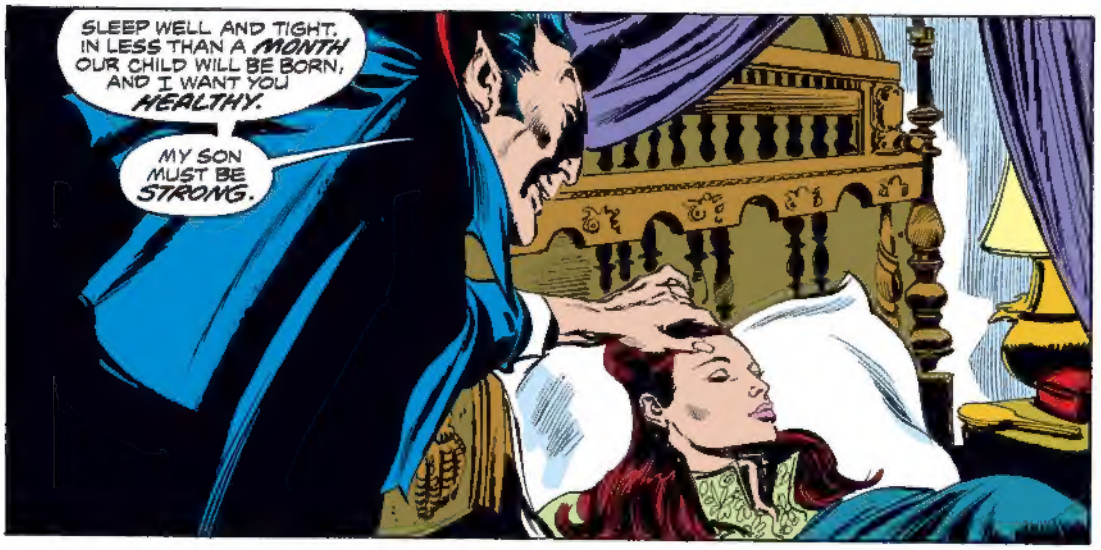
OBSERVE ME, MORTAL. OBSERVE THE CHANGE WHICH HAS TAKEN PLACE AND KNOW THAT DAIMON HELLSTROM EXISTS NO LONGER--
--BUT IN HIS PLACE STANDS --THE SON OF SATAN!
YOU WILL REMOVE THE STAKE FROM THE MAN'S HEART WHEN I ORDER IT, KING.
SURE, WHATEVER YOU SAY, HANDSOME. JUST EXPLAIN THAT SWITCHEROO.
I AM THE SCION OF HELL, YET I HAVE FORSAKEN THAT WORLD TO WALK AMONG MEN. I AM HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF SATAN, YET I DENIED MYSELF THE POWER.
I AM SON OF DEMON AND MORTAL, YET I AM NEITHER DEMON NOR MORTAL.
I AM THE SON OF SATAN. I AM MYSELF.
NOW, KING--REMOVE THE STAKE--NOW!
"WHILE RED GIBBERS ON, I GRAB THE WOOD IN MY HANDS AND YANK. BLADE'S BODY SUDDENLY SHIVERS--
"JUST AS HIS BLOOD-EYES SNAP OPEN."
FOOL! YOU'VE RETURNED LIFE TO MY BONES. LIFE THAT I SHALL USE TO TAKE YOURS.
WRONG, VAMPIRE. YOU WILL DO NOTHING...
...NOT WHILE THE SON OF SATAN HAS HIS SOULFIRE TO RIP YOU AWAY FROM THE ONE YOU CONTROL.

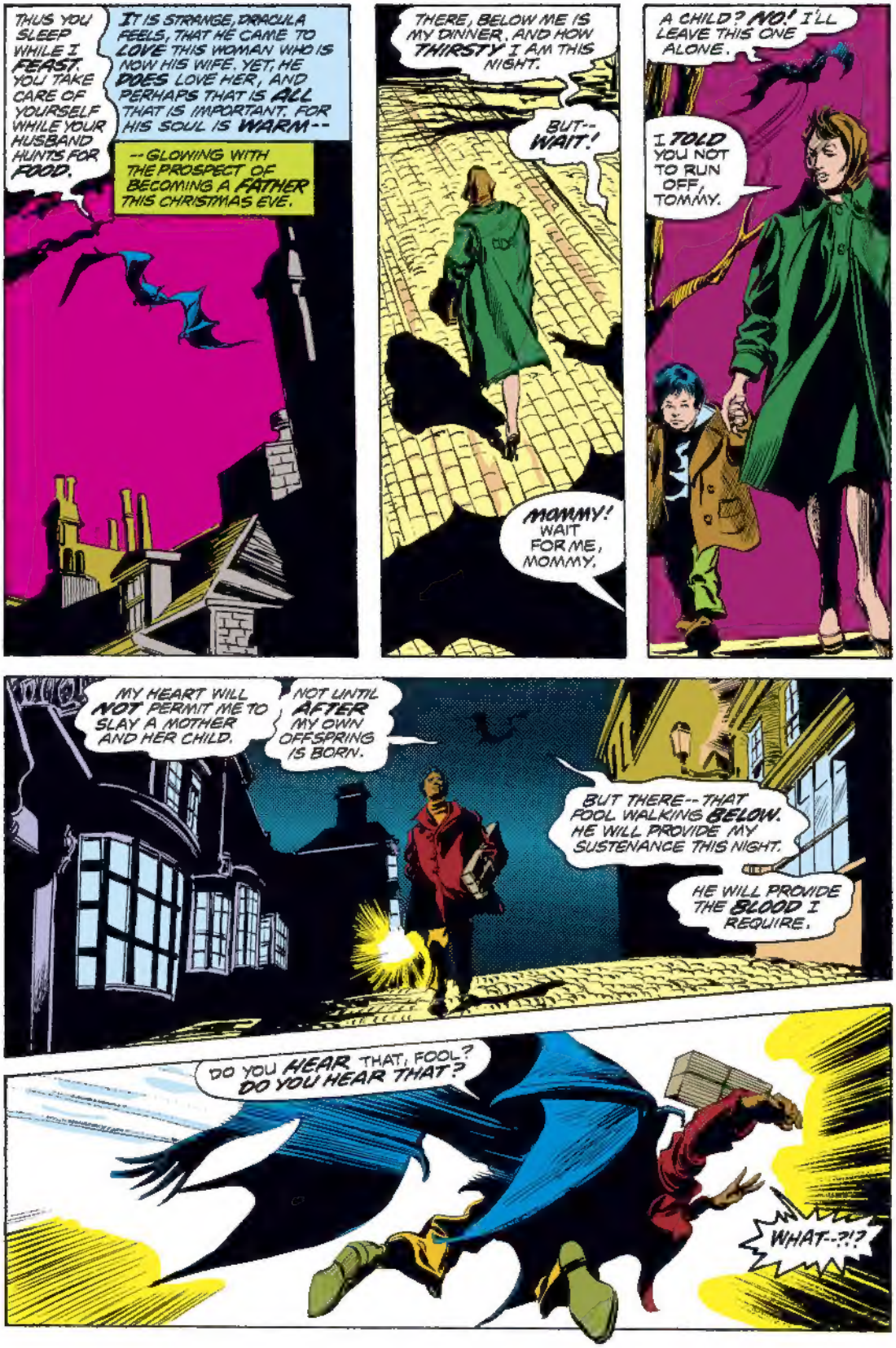
WHAT? YOU'VE SEPARATED THE HUMAN BLADE FROM ME?
I'LL DESTROY YOU FOR THAT, FOOL!
UNNNNHH... MY HEAD...WH-WHAT HAPPENED...? WHERE...?
HAVEN'T YOU YET LEARNED YOUR LIFE IS NOT YOUR OWN TO CONTROL?
RED'S RIGHT, FANGS. YOU'RE TAKIN' THE RETURN TRIP TO SLEEPY-TIME RIGHT NOW!
ARRGGHH
GOT THAT, GUY?
SKUNCH
"FANGS SPRINGS AT ME LIKE AN ANGRY CAT. BUT I WAITED FOR THE ATTACK, SO I'M READY.
"HE CHARGES ME, HIS TEETH SPREAD WIDE, BUT WHEN HE LEAPS, HE FALLS DIRECTLY ON THE STAKE!

"HE SCREAMS LIKE A BANSHEE, THEN FALLS. BUT AS HE DIES, HIS EYES CATCH MINE AND I FREEZE IN FEAR. MAN, I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE HIM COMIN' BACK.
"SO, AS THE REAL BLADE PUTS THE PIECES OF HIS LIFE BACK TOGETHER, I REMOVE A PIECE FROM THE VAMP-- NAMELY HIS HEAD. HELLSTROM PUTS ON THE FINAL TOUCHES BY STUFFING IT WITH GARLIC."
YOU ALL RIGHT, BLADE?
FEEL FINE, KING. STILL FOGGY.

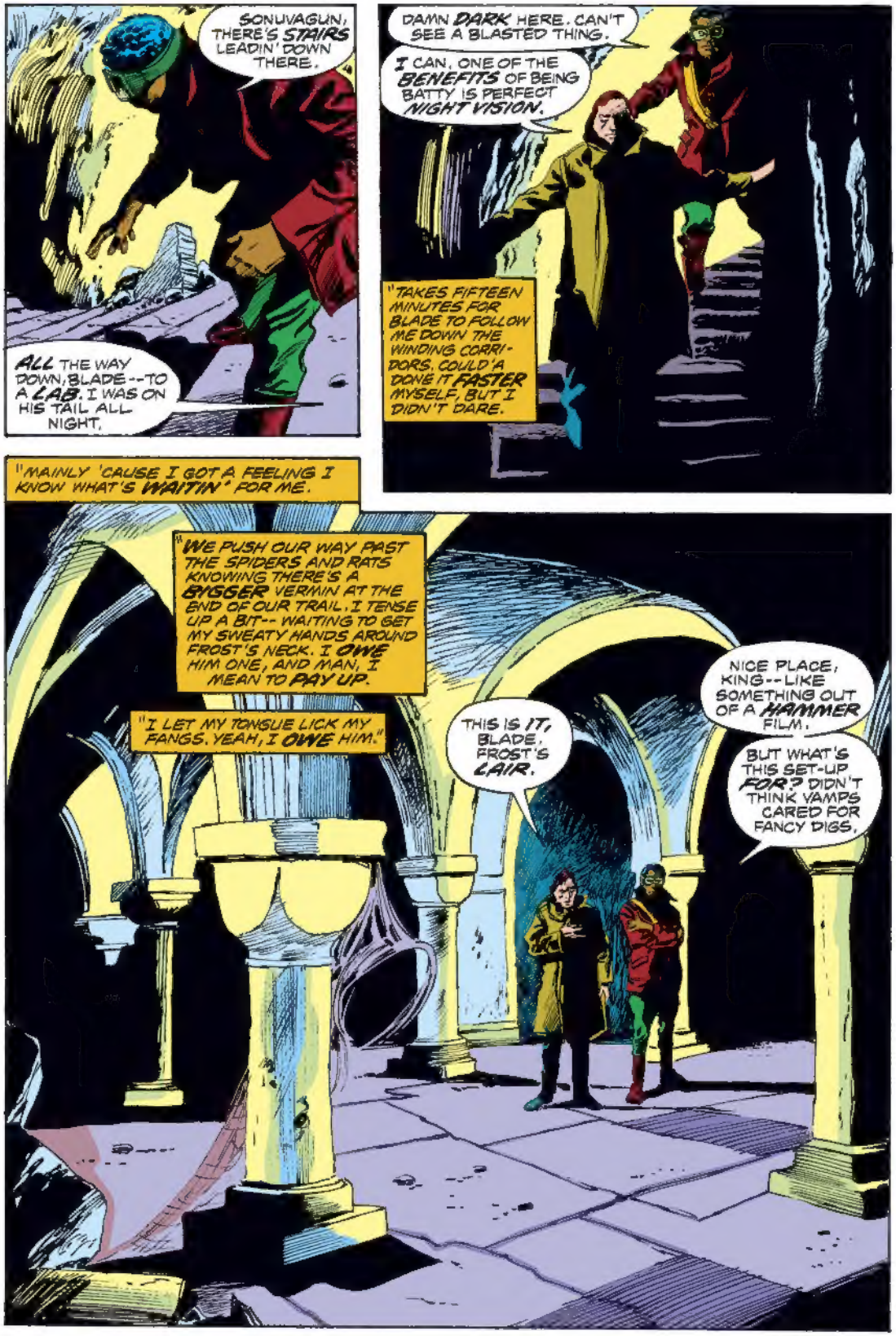
BUT YOU EXPLAIN EVERYTHIN' LATER. I JUST WANNA THANK THIS DUDE.
NO NEED TO THANK ME, HUMAN. YOUR LIFE IS MY REWARD.
FARE-WELL.

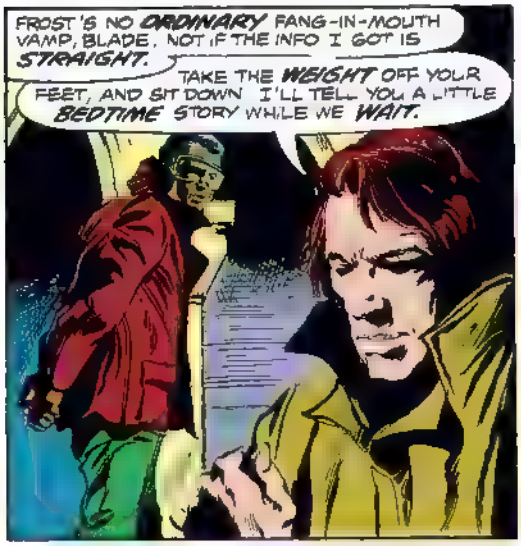

"BOSTON IS QUIET THIS NOVEMBER NIGHT. THOUGH THE WINDS HAVE DIED DOWN AND THE RAIN HAS ABATED, THERE ARE FEW WHO DARE WALK THE STREETS. PERHAPS THEY SENSE WHAT WILL SOON BE LURKING IN THE ALLEY-WAYS."
SLEEP WELL, MY LOVELY DOMINI.

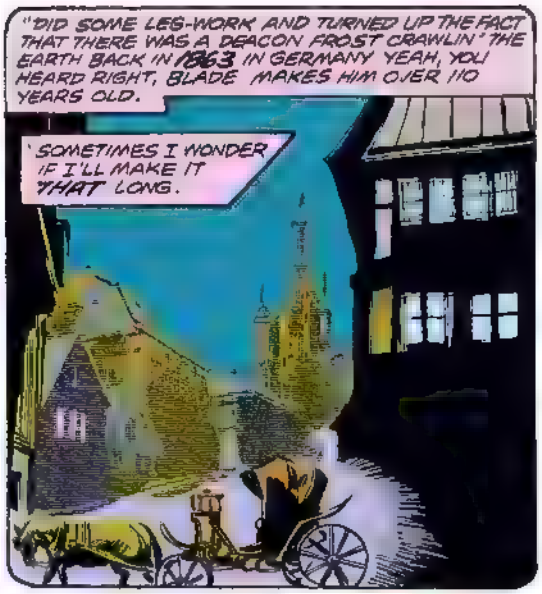

SLEEP WELL AND TIGHT. IN LESS THAN A MONTH OUR CHILD WILL BE BORN, AND I WANT YOU HEALTHY.
MY SON MUST BE STRONG.


THUS YOU SLEEP WHILE I FEAST. YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF WHILE YOUR HUSBAND HUNTS FOR FOOD.
IT IS STRANGE, DRACULA FEELS, THAT HE CAME TO LOVE THIS WOMAN WHO IS NOW HIS WIFE. YET, HE DOES LOVE HER, AND PERHAPS THAT IS ALL THAT IS IMPORTANT. FOR HIS SOUL IS WARM--
--GLOWING WITH THE PROSPECT OF BECOMING A FATHER THIS CHRISTMAS EVE.
THERE, BELOW ME IS MY DINNER. AND HOW THIRSTY I AM THIS NIGHT.
BUT-- WAIT!
MOMMY! WAIT FOR ME, MOMMY.
A CHILD? NO! I'LL LEAVE THIS ONE ALONE.
I TOLD YOU NOT TO RUN OFF, TOMMY.
MY HEART WILL NOT PERMIT ME TO SLAY A MOTHER AND HER CHILD.
NOT UNTIL AFTER MY OWN OFFSPRING IS BORN.
BUT THERE-- THAT FOOL WALKING BELOW. HE WILL PROVIDE MY SUSTENANCE THIS NIGHT.
HE WILL PROVIDE THE BLOOD I REQUIRE.
DO YOU HEAR THAT, FOOL? DO YOU HEAR THAT?
WHAT--?!?

IT IS TOO LATE, MORTAL. THE FLOW OF YOUR PRECIOUS BLOOD HAS ENDED. AND NOW YOU WILL WAIT IN PEACEFUL BLISS FOR THREE LONG NIGHTS.
AFTER WHICH I HAVE SPECIAL PLANS FOR YOU. LISTEN CLOSELY, DEAD ONE... LISTEN VERY CLOSELY...
BLADE'S APART-MENT...
HEY, COOL IT, SAF--
YOU'RE BACK, BABY AND YOU'RE MINE, AND I DON'T CARE IF THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS IT.
BLADE--?
YEAH, I KNOW, KING. IN A SEC.
HONEY, I UHHH...
I KNOW THAT LOOK, LOVER, AND THOUGH I DON'T WANT YOU EVER TO LEAVE ME AGAIN, I REALIZE THERE'S NO SENSE TRYIN' TO STOP YOU.
YOU'RE THE GREATEST, SAF.
WHERE WE HEADIN', KING?
FROST'S PLACE. I FOLLOWED HIM WHEN HE LEFT DRAC'S PARTY EVEN THOUGH I SWORE I WOULDN'T CHANGE INTO A BAT.
BUT I COULDN'T LET HIM OUTTA MY SIGHT. NOT NOW.
YOU DID RIGHT, FANGS. IF YOU WEREN'T A STINKIN' VAMP, I COULD GET USED TO YOU.
I THINK THE SAME THING TO MYSELF SOMETIMES...
...BUT THEN I LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND I DON'T SEE ANY REFLEC-TION, AND I REMEMBER WHAT I AM.
AND SOMETIMES I CRY.
YOU OKAY, KING?
SURE. I'M HEALTHY ENOUGH TO LIVE FOREVER. DOWN THERE, IN THAT GRAVE-- THAT'S FROST'S HIDEOUT.
C'MON, START DIGGIN'. WE GOT US A HEAVY. NIGHT JUST WAITIN'.


SONUVAGUN, THERE'S STAIRS LEADIN' DOWN THERE.
ALL THE WAY DOWN, BLADE--TO A LAB. I WAS ON HIS TAIL ALL NIGHT.
DAMN DARK HERE. CAN'T SEE A BLASTED THING.
I CAN. ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF BEING BATTY IS PERFECT NIGHT VISION.
"TAKES FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR BLADE TO FOLLOW ME DOWN THE WINDING CORRI-DORS. COULD'A DONE IT FASTER MYSELF, BUT I DIDN'T DARE.
"MAINLY 'CAUSE I GOT A FEELING I KNOW WHAT'S WAITIN' FOR ME.
"WE PUSH OUR WAY PAST THE SPIDERS AND RATS KNOWING THERE'S A BIGGER VERMIN AT THE END OF OUR TRAIL. I TENSE UP A BIT-- WAITING TO GET MY SWEATY HANDS AROUND FROST'S NECK. I OWE HIM ONE, AND MAN, I MEAN TO PAY UP.
"I LET MY TONGUE LICK MY FANGS. YEAH, I OWE HIM."
THIS IS IT, BLADE, FROST'S LAIR.
NICE PLACE, KING--LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A HAMMER FILM.
BUT WHAT'S THIS SET-UP FOR? DIDN'T THINK VAMPS CARED FOR FANCY DIGS.

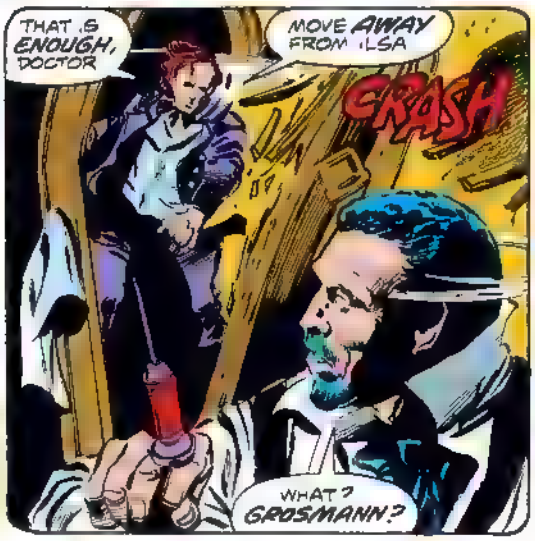

FROST'S NO ORDINARY FANG-IN-MOUTH VAMP, BLADE. NOT IF THE INFO I GOT IS STRAIGHT.
TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR FEET, AND SIT DOWN I'LL TELL YOU A LITTLE BEDTIME STORY WHILE WE WAIT.


"DID SOME LEG-WORK AND TURNED UP THE FACT THAT THERE WAS A DEACON FROST CRAWLIN' THE EARTH BACK IN 1863 IN GERMANY YEAH, YOU HEARD RIGHT, BLADE MAKES HIM OVER 110 YEARS OLD.
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF I'LL MAKE IT THAT LONG.

"FAR AS I COULD LEARN, HE WAS A CHEMIST WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR."
MY DEAR, YOU SHALL SOON BENEFIT FROM MY FIRST EXPERIMENTS IN LIFE-PROLONGATION .. AND HOPEFULLY WE WILL UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF IMMORTALITY...
...WITH THE AID OF BLOOD I SECURED FROM A RECENTLY DECEASED VAMPIRE.

CALM NOW WOMAN THERE WILL BE NO PAIN.

AHHH, ALREADY HAS THE CANINES GROW PERHAPS MY LITTLE SERUM HAS WORKED ITS WONDERS?
"FOUND THE DIARY OF ONE HELMUT GROSMANN, THE VICTIM'S FIANCEE HE LEARNED WHAT FROST WAS UP TO, AND..."


THAT IS ENOUGH, DOCTOR
MOVE AWAY FROM ILSA
CRASH
WHAT? GROSMANN?

"IT WAS THE ALI-NORTON SWINGFEST ALL OVER THE TWO GRAPPLED FOR AWHILE...
"...WHEN SUDDENLY THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED.
"FROST WAS INJECTED WITH HIS OWN SERUM!
"AND THAT SPELLED THE END OF OUR YOUNG WOULD-BE HERO."
BUT SOMETHING IN THAT SERUM MADE FROST A DIFFERENT SORT OF VAMPIRE. ONE WITH OTHER ABILITIES.
IN THAT I COULD CREATE THE DOPPLEGANGER, HERR KING?
YOU?
CORRECT, MY LONG-AGO FRIEND. AND WELCOME, TOO, BLADE. I GATHER YOUR PRIME DOUBLE IS DEAD? AH, SHAME
BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER FOR, YOU SEE, MY PLANS ARE STILL RUNNING QUITE SMOOTHLY.
I HAVE AN ARMY OF VAMPIRE-DOUBLES AT MY DISPOSAL, INCLUDING ONE WHICH SHOULD INTEREST YOU, HERR KING.
YOU SEEM SURPRISED? SURELY YOU MUST HAVE REALIZED THERE WOULD BE A DOUBLE OF YOU HERE?
I KNEW, BUT STILL WHAT PASSES FOR MY HEART SKIPS A BEAT "
YOU SEE, I ALWAYS SEEM TO CREATE A DOUBLE WHEN I MAKE A HUMAN MY VICTIM
A BENEFICIAL SIDE-EFFECT OF MY IMMORTALITY SERUM, NO?

AND LEST YOU FEEL OUT OF IT, BLADE, THERE IS ANOTHER DOPPLEGANGER FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH.
I HAVE AN ALMOST ENDLESS SUPPLY OF SEEDS WITH WHICH TO GROW MY DOUBLES. YOU SLAY ONE, I SIMPLY PLANT A SECOND, THEN A THIRD, AND SO FORTH.
KING--?
YEAH, I SEE 'EM, BLADE. JUST REMEMBER, DON'T LET YOUR DOUBLE GRAB YA, UNLESS YOU WANNA BE ABSORBED AGAIN.
WHICH MEANS...

WHICH MEANS NOTHING, SCUM-BROTHER!
FOR YOU WILL FALL TO ME AS BLADE WILL CRUMBLE BEFORE HIS TWIN.

I EXPECTED IT, BUT MY EYES STILL DON'T WANT TO ACCEPT WHAT I SEE. BUT I STILL MOVE OUT OF THE WAY AS VAMPY MAKES ITS FIRST LUNGE!"

WE GOTTA SWITCH SPARRING PARTNERS, K'NG. I TAKE YOURS AND YOU PLAY WITH MINE.
ONLY WAY TO MAKE SURE WE'RE NOT TAKEN IN.
YOU WON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT, BROTHER BLADE. YOUR LIFE'S ENDING NOW.

WANNA BET, SCUM? LONG AS I STAY AWAY FROM YOUR FLESH, YOU CAN'T ABSORB ME AGAIN.

MEANWHILE, I CAN MOVE FREE.
AND THAT MEANS MOVIN' FAST! DIG?

NOT BAD, BLADE. WE BOTH GOT ONE.

SSSWAK
MAKE THAT TWO, K'NG. ONE OF YOUR TWINS WAS ABOUT TO GET CHUMMY WITH YOU
"I SHUDDER. ANOTHER MOMENT AND CREEPO WOULD'VE HAD ME."

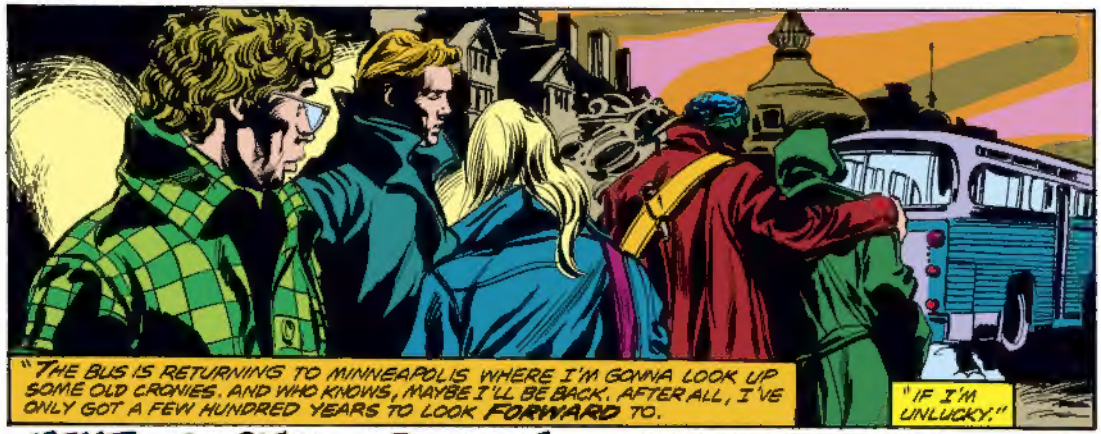
TAKE THIS, BUDDY. YOU NEED PROTECTION.
"'BUDDY?' BLADE'S SOFTENING, WHICH COULD BE DEADLY TO ONE SUCH AS HIM. BUT I SAY NOTHING.
"INSTEAD, I GRAB HIS WOODEN KNIFE LIKE A LIFE PRESERVER, AND HACK AWAY!"
"IT WORKS -- GIVES ME THE EXTRA EDGE ON MY PLAY-PALS."
IT'S OVER, FROST. WE GOT THROUGH YOUR LITTLE CONGA LINE, AND WE'RE NOT GONNA LET YOU CALL IN REINFORCEMENTS.
IT DOES NOT MATTER, HERR BLADE. YOU SEE, I STILL WILL NOT BE STOPPED.
AND MY ARMIES WILL STILL WORM THEIR WAY INTO CONTROLLING YOUR WORLD.
YOU HAVE MERELY DELAYED THE INEVITABLE FOR THE MOMENT. NOTHING MORE.
NOW FAREWELL. I TAKE MYSELF ELSWHERE TO BEGIN ANEW.
"FROST WINGS OUT OF HERE, BUT HE'S GOIN' DOWN DEEPER INTO THE CAVES. WE GIVE CHASE.
"ONLY I WORRY. IT ISN'T LIKE HIM TO BOX HIMSELF INTO A CORNER. I SAY NOTHING TO BLADE, BUT HE ALREADY SUSPECTS."

C'MON, KING. HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, AND I'M NOT LETTIN' THAT SLIMY MOTHER-KILLER OUT OF MY SIGHT.
I OWE HIM FOR A LIFE-TIME OF PAIN.
"BLADE'S TONE WORRIES ME, TOO. HE'S CONSUMED WITH THE THOUGHT OF VENGEANCE. BUT THEN, I WANT TO GET AT FROST AS WELL.
"WE LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND WE KNOW. WE'LL GET FROST TOGETHER. IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL BOTH BE SATISFIED.
"I CLENCH MY FANGS WAITING."
I FIGURED YOU WOULD FOLLOW, FOOLS. BUT YOU WILL NOT TAKE ME, UNLESS YOU WISH ME TO UNLEASH THIS JAR OF DEADLY FUNGUS--
--WHICH WILL ROT THE FLESH FROM YOUR BONES!
YOU CAN SAY ANYTHING YOU WANNA, FROST, BUT I'M COMIN' FOR YOU.
YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' OUTTA HERE, FROST. YOUR MOTHER-KILLIN' DAYS ARE OVER, SCUM.
KILLIN' YOU WON'T BRING MY MOTHER BACK, BUT, HELL, SHE'S GONNA REST A WHOLE LOT EASIER, NOW.
NOW, KING-- NOW!
WHAT? BOTH OF YOU?
NO!
SHAK SHAK
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, FOOLS!
BZZZ
BZZZ
"SCUM DOES A BACKFLIP INTO THE MACHINERY AND SUDDENLY IT'S JULY FOURTH ALL OVER AGAIN. SPARKS ARE LIGHTING UP THE CAVE.
"FROST'S HAD IT, BUT HE'S TRYIN' HIS DAMNEDEST TO TAKE US WITH HIM. 'CAUSE EVEN AS HE DIES, ALL HELL IS BREAKING LOOSE!

"THE CAVERN ERUPTS IN A FIREBALL WHICH CONSUMES EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES. ONLY WE RUN LIKE BLAZES!"
VOOHM
MOVE IT, KING. 'LESS YOU WANNA GO WITH THE SCUM.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE, BLADE.
"WE RACE THROUGH THE CAVES LIKE HELL'S ON OUR TAIL. THEN I MAKE THE MISTAKE OF LOOKIN' BACK AND SEE THAT IT IS!
"THE STAIRS BACK UP TO THE CEMETERY GROUNDS ARE TAKEN FOUR AT A TIME, THEN WE LEAP--
BLAMMM
"--ONLY I'M NOT SURE WE MADE IT AS THE WORLD BLOWS APART BENEATH US."

EPILOGUE:
IT'S OVER, AND ABOUT TIME. I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS FOR YEARS.
THERE'S A PRESSURE OFF MY SHOULDERS. I FEEL FREER!
WE BOTH DO, BLADE.
WHAT NOW, KING?
"GOODBYES ARE THE PART I HATE, SO I JUST RAMBLE ON FOR A FEW MINUTES TALKIN' NOTHINGS. THEN--"

I'M DONE WITH THE HUNT, BUT I STILL GOT TIME FOR LIVIN', OR WHATEVER IT IS A VAMPIRE DOES WITH HIS TIME.
SO IT'S GOODBYE, KING, BEFORE I REMEMBER I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A VAMPIRE SLAYER.
AND I'M SUPPOSED TO SLAY HUMANS.
KNOW SOMETHING, KING?
YEAH, FOR A VAMPIRE I'M ALL RIGHT. RIGHT?
WRONG! YOU'RE COUSY AS A VAMP, BUT YOU'RE AN OKAY GUY!
AND DON'T GET YOURSELF KILLED, BLADE.
TAKE CARE, KING.


"THE BUS IS RETURNING TO MINNEAPOLIS WHERE I'M GONNA LOOK UP SOME OLD CRONIES. AND WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I'LL BE BACK. AFTER ALL, I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW HUNDRED YEARS TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
"IF I'M UNLUCKY."

NEXT ISSUE: THE SON OF DRACULA!